
"On the Death of an Untried Soldier",

"He died in armour, died with lance at rest,
The trumpet had not sounded for the
charge;

Yet shall his guerdon of golden fame be
large,

For he was ready, he had met the test.

"No sacrifice is more complete and clean
Than that in the locked soul secret and
still;

Take for a visible deed the perfect will;
Crown with sad pride the accomplishment
unseen.

"Hang his bright arms undinted on the wall,
In all brave colours whereto his dreams
aspired;

Blazon his blank shield as his heart
desired,

And write above : "The readiness is all!"

Of Guy, the next boy, I know nothing. He came to us from the West somewhere, and remained only a short time at the school. What became of him I cannot tell. He may have gone to the War, but no word of him in any way reached me.

Alan, the next boy (another Alan), was a despatch-rider at Valcartier camp, at the age of fifteen. When the first Canadian Contingent went overseas, Alan came back to school. But he was quite unsettled, and after Christmas he did not return; and, except for his extreme youth, I was not surprised to hear that he was at Exhibition Camp. In the fall of 1915